

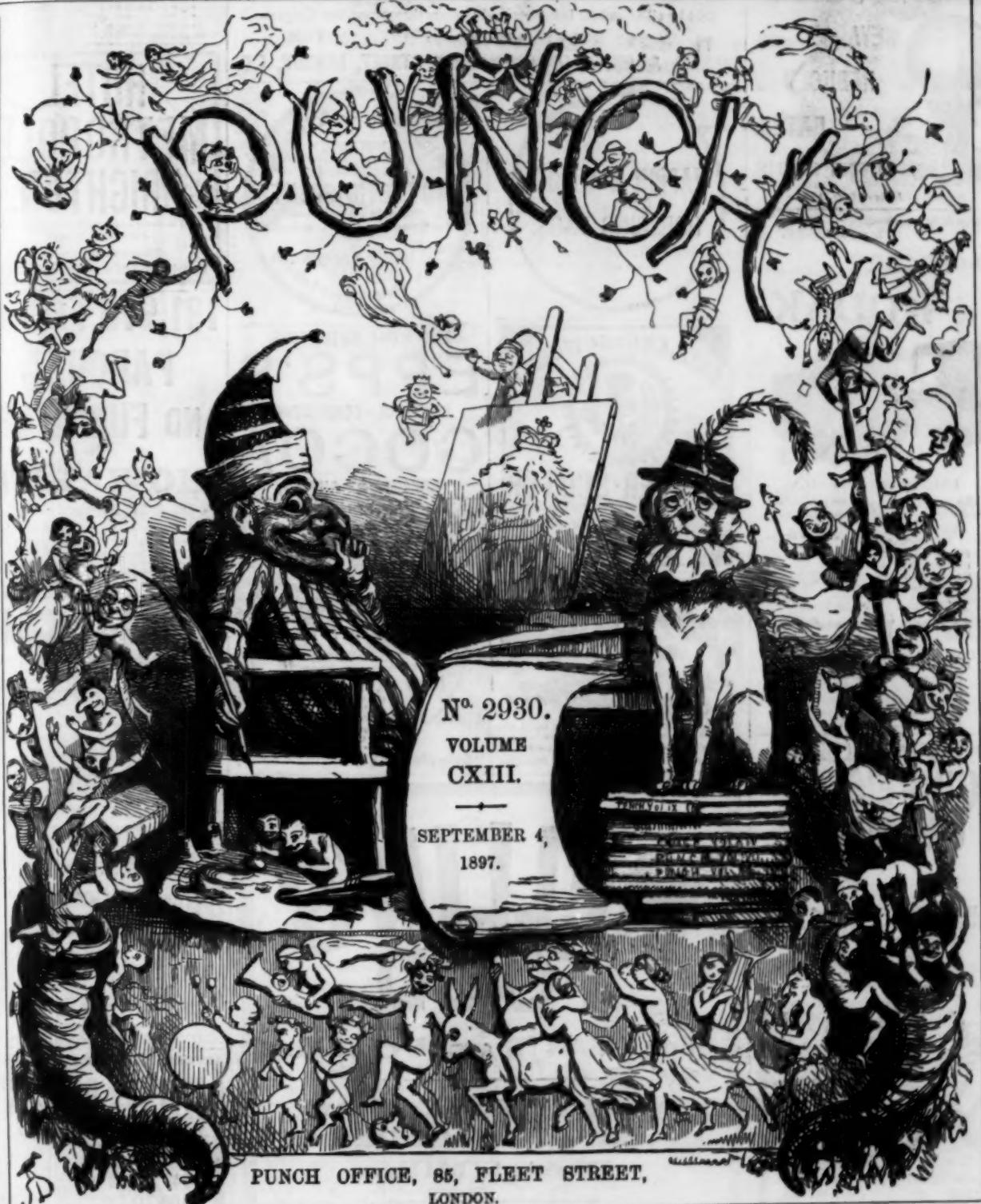
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DURING HIS RECENT TOUR IN SWITZERLAND, TOMKINS, WHO IS RATHER NERVOUS, HAD A MOST TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE.

"A TOUCH OF THE BADGER."

(*A Lay of the Last Stage of Labour.*)

"A touch of the badger!" Ah, yes, so the manager told me that day, Five year ago now, when he saw that my whiskers were fast growing grey. His hair was as white as old Winter; but then he was deputy-boss. And I, just a grizzled old grinder, to whom every grey hair meant loss. Those words were a knell to my hopes, for I know, yes, heaven help me, I know.

That the sun of a labourer's life chills and pales with the first patch o' snow.

Yet ain't it the Good Book that says hoary locks are a glory, a crown? Ah! not at the bench or the scaffold! The face of the boss wears a frown

As a glance from the tail of his eye tots you up, with a bit of a stoop—First sign of the day when long work curves the labourer's back like a hoop—And that terrible "touch of the badger," the curse of poor children of toil, Which gives the first hint to the masters that greedy old Time's on the spoil. It do spoil a man, do the grizzle, the splash o' the whitewash-brush. Aye! Us toilers are not tittivators, not after the days, long gone by.

When first we "walk out" with a sweet heart. Poor Bess! Time has spared her that touch Which whitens the head like a frost, and which tightens the heart like a clutch: And her hair is as berry-brown now as it was forty long year ago.

But what is the odds if I'm grizzled, and bent, and a little bit slow,

And ticked in the gaffer's discharge list? "Your services no more required!" The slip with those words on means—doom; the sharp ending of all we desired, The stony wide world and—the work-house! The finish of hope and of fun, The seal of a youth that is vanished, the sign of a course that is run.

And yet I'm hand-strong and heart-steady, less prone to the drink and the skulk Than many a chap in his thirties. But that seems a battered old hulk Over which the grey flag is seen waving. And if, after thirty-five year If the best of my manhood, old gaffers don't want me no longer, 'tis clear New gaffers will not take me on. Though I tramp, and I tramp, and I tramp, On the chance of a job, till the dust makes me look like a shiftless old scamp.

That grimy, grey flag's still a-floating, and warns off the world from my track, As the ancient sea-farers were warned by the gloomy piratical black.

"Thrown aside like an old boot as useless!" Yes, that is the lot of our sort, And "that's the last act in the drama," the end of life's comfort and sport. Who whispers about Old Age Pensions? Well, that's what our betters do get; But we are so many, you see; it seems all talkee-talkee, as yet, And—too late for me, anyhow! Ah! my head's in a whirl and a daze.

Thirty-five year—and thrown out! Is it manhood and pride, or sheer craze, Sets my thoughts all a-hanker round—Death, like a light-maddened moth round a flame?

Thirty-five year, and thrown out—for that touch of the badger! A shame! A shame and a wrong! Yes, I swear 'tis not Christian and fair. Can it be When the age that brings honour to statesmen brings dark desperation to me?

Poor Bess and the bairns! Tisn't fear, but far worser, that catches my breath.

I gaze on the grey that's my bane till the yet greyer face of old Death Draws—draws! It gleams out like a hope from the mist, and the tangle of thought.

I can face work or death—not the work-house. God help me! Th' poor moth is caught

In the lure of the one light in darkness! Sit idle and see her starve? Nay! There's one way out of all! Who'll dare blame him who's helplessly driven that way?

WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. CONAN DOYLE.—The G-RM-N EMP-R-K's latest romance is said to be a startling Nihilist romance entitled *The Sign of Fauve*. Orders from Siberia are rushing to Berlin. The Retreat from Moscow is treated with considerable humour, and the Fall of Sevastopol is described as an interesting episode leading up to the liberation of the Sultan of TURKEY from the pressure of the Powers and the installation of Count Tolstoi as First President of the Muscovite Republic. But we have no Imperial authorisation for making this statement, either from the Neva or the Spree.



BUTCHER VERSUS BAKER.

Brother Beef. "THOU BEEST IN A PARLOUR STATE, FRIEND QUARTERED, AND NO CRUMB OF COMFORT IN THE FUTURE!"

[“People eat more meat, and therefore want less bread.”—*Purport of Official Report.*]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE stamp “Second Edition” on a book causes the heart of the author to rejoice. Dr. AUBREY will with mixed feelings observe it on the title-page of his *Rise and Growth of the English Nation* (ELLIOT STOCK). Fire, untroubled by the controversy round the question of 3d. discount in the shilling, or merely 2d., gobbled up the whole of the first edition before it could reach the shelves and counters of rival tradesmen. Presumably the type was standing, or a chance copy of the book was preserved. Even NEWTON would have shrunk from resuming the “many years’ research and labour” to which Dr. AUBREY modestly alludes as having produced these three volumes. His design is, as it was that of the late J. R. GREEN, to present not pictures more or less fanciful of kings, great statesmen, and renowned soldiers, but to tell us how the people worked and lived, slowly, for centuries unconsciously building up a great empire. In this task he has fully succeeded. Not that he leaves in misty shape kings and queens and other men and women whose names are most familiar in English history. He has the gift, essential to success in such endeavour, not only of lucidly summarising a long course of events, but of sketching forceful characters within the limits of a page. My Baronite, in the course of a reading he found more fascinating than many novels, is struck with the truth of the axiom about there being nothing new under the sun. To cite only three incidents of a multitude that crowd on the memory: the Salvation Army of to-day have their prototype in the Mendicant Friars, Dominicans and Franciscans, who took England by storm at the beginning of the Thirteenth Century. The Irish Land Leaguers with their policy of boycotting were forestalled by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who in 1223 ordered that no persons should buy from or sell to the Jews, or even have speech with them. Thirdly, but not less striking, the imposition of death duties by the Plantagenet kings largely contributed to the revolt which wrested Magna Charta from the unwilling hands of King JOHN. In these days we have seen how the latest scion of the House of Plantagenet, temporarily in power as Chancellor of the Exchequer, claps on death duties on a scale calculated to bring dukes to destitution.

“474 and just out!” That is not a cricket score. It is merely the number of pages of *The Jubilee Book of Cricket*, mainly written by Prince RANJITSINHJI, published in one handsome

volume worthy of the fame of the house of BLACKWOOD. Every one who has seen “RANJI” in the field, whether bowling or batting, has borne in upon him the truth that he knows all about cricket. That he should be able to write about it in a lucid, instructive, and attractive manner is quite another thing. The Prince is, my Baronite tells me, nearly as completely master of the quill as he is of the willow. The book is admirably conceived, with intention to instruct the player in all that pertains to the science of cricket. When a cricketer, young or old, knows all here set down for his guidance, he will have nothing in the world to do but carry out the instructions. The work, the most comprehensive on the subject ever published, has its value increased by a number of photographs, wonderfully reproduced, showing famous cricketers in the attitude of play. These also will be most useful to the novice. In his spare moments he can pose in imitation of the living pictures of the Prince hooking a short-pitched ball on the wicket; of MORDAUNT ready for a catch, and looking uncommonly as if he would get it; of S. M. J. Woos in the act of delivery, originally studied from Ajax defying the lightning; or of WALTER HUMPHREY lob-bowling, looking as if butter would not melt in his mouth, much less as if the ball he gingerly holds between fingers and thumb would be so mean as to sneak in and take a wicket.

My Baronite confesses that the name of the author of *Ripple and Flood* (HUTCHINSON) is new to him. Yet it is unlikely that a novel so cleverly constructed, so living in its characterisation, so charming in its description of rural surroundings, can be the work of a beginner. Taken all round, it is certainly among the best novels of the year. It is true that behind it there is a dim echo of *Great Expectations*, one of the best, and perhaps the least popularly known of DICKENS’s works. In both, the story opens with the apparition in a small boy’s home-life of a mysterious stranger. There is an uncle as hard-handed as was Pip’s aunt, and there is a girl to be loved, a strange-mannered wench, in quite different ways than was Estella. These may be fanciful identifications on the part of the reader, or acts of unconscious celeration on the part of the writer. However it be, they in no wise detract from the charm and interest of a powerful story, through which ripple the waters of the Trent, and murmur the country life lived beside its banks.

By way of showing their scope and range, Messrs. HUTCHINSON, having issued one of the best novels of the year, simultaneously

BY THE GOLDEN SANDS.

Torquay.—Here old Sol reigns supreme! Not old Sol so well known on ‘Change in foggy London, but Phœbus Apollo, the great, the brilliant, the magnificent, on his up-to-date car, the greatest “scorcher” out! Over two hundred and fifteen miles from the Metropolis, Torquay has nevertheless the charm of being very much in the world. A local Peerage would be replete with the records of the resident Good and Great, and at the Club the fact that “Mr. Jersey” first sprang into splendour in South Devon is not forgotten. Dartmoor mutton, clotted cream, and red mullet are as plentiful as blackberries, while ladies can bathe here in a certain cove with all the privacy of Diana and her nymphs. There have been rumours of a shark’s appearance, but from inquiry, it seems to have been a disabled dolphin, but in these unclassical days our fair naiads need not fear the arrival of Orion. The nightingale is said to be unknown in Devon, but as we were passing a certain villa not a thousand yards from the T. B. Hotel, we fancied that our naturalists must be altogether mistaken. Among the latest arrivals, however, is Mme. CHERUBINA, of the Royal Italian Opera, Bucharest.

In Nuce.

(By a Neo-Celtic Renascent.)

To sum up all history well,
Truth into one maxim we’ll melt :—
All Science began with a cell,
All Literature with a—Celt!



CONVERSATIONAL PITFALLS.

Miss Meadowweet. "EXCUSE MY IGNORANCE; BUT OUGHT I TO CALL YOU MR. SQUILLS OR DOCTOR SQUILLS?"
The Doctor. "OH, CALL ME ANYTHING YOU LIKE. SOME OF MY FRIENDS CALL ME AN OLD FOOL!"
Miss Meadowweet. "AH, BUT THAT'S ONLY PEOPLE WHO KNOW YOU INTIMATELY!"

put forth what is probably absolutely the worst. As far as pains-taking endeavour can master the purpose of *That Tree of Eden*, it is to demonstrate that "education, as we apply it, is not of necessity a good thing for the people." Perhaps not; but if Mr. NICHOLAS CHRISTIAN had so far overcome his prejudices as to learn the elementary principles of syntax, and the simpler forms of grammar, it would have been a charity to the reader. The long-winded tract is so pragmatically pompous as to be almost amusing.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"IN THE NAME OF HONOUR—PLAY!"

(Fragment from an Athletic Romance of the Period.)

PEERLESS CRICHTON was the most popular, as he was indeed the most accomplished personage in his part of the country. Morning, noon, and night he was bombarded with applications for help. He could write, paint, and compose. There was nothing he could not accomplish. It was early morning when, on entering his breakfast-room, he found visitors already assembled.

"My dear fellow," said a man with a careworn face, "our last piece was a frost. Can you knock us up another by Tuesday?"

"Consider it done," said CRICHTON, cheerfully. "I always am pleased to oblige a friend."

"And I, Sir, wish to appeal to your goodness of heart—my son is ill. He had promised to finish a portrait that an Australian millionaire is taking back with him to the land of the Southern Cross. He is unable to finish it. Will you accept his task?"

"With very great pleasure," replied CRICHTON. "If one painter cannot help another at a pinch what would the world come to?"

"And you, my dear fellow, must run up the villa for the bride and bridegroom. They are away for a month, and it is my

earnest desire that their nest should be ready by their return. My daughter will be so disappointed if I do not keep the promise made to her mother before she went away."

CRICHTON silently pressed his visitor's hand in token of assent. Then there was a chorus of friends who wished him to join various boards of management—according to them, with such advantages his fortune was assured.

"I have already too much to do," he returned, with a smile. "After I have written the play, painted the portrait, and built the villa I will consider my own affairs."

At this moment there was a hurried ring, followed quickly by the appearance of a post-office messenger.

"Telegram, Sir."

CRICHTON opened the envelope, and after reading its contents, uttered an exclamation:—

"I must leave you at once," he cried, rushing away to pack up.

"But how about our theatre, our Colonial patron, our son-in-law?" cried the chorus.

"They must wait. A thousand apologies, but they must wait!"

"But why do you hurry away?"

"Because, my dear friend, I have just received a wire saying that I have been chosen to play for my county at cricket. Am I not right to sacrifice everything to accept the responsibility?"

And his friends, in spite of their personal inclinations, were compelled to answer the question in the affirmative.

At the Seaside.

Landlady (to shivering lodger). No, Sir, I don't object to your dining at a restorong, nor to your taking an 'apenny paper, but I must resent your constant 'abit of locking up your whiskey, thereby implying that me, a clergyman's daughter, is prone to laroon.

[Lodger immediately hands her the key as a guarantee of good faith.]



ALTOGETHER SATISFACTORY.

Aunt Fanny. "I DO LIKE THESE FRENCH WATERING-PLACES. THE BATHING COSTUME IS SO SENSIBLE!"
Hilda. "OH, YES, AUNTIE! AND SO BROOMING!"

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A DIALOGUE STORY IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART IV.

SCENE—The Dining-room at "Sunny Bank." Lunch is proceeding; Miss LYDE is seated opposite NORA, who has her back to the light; BOWATER faces GERALD. KEZIA is waiting.

Camilla (to herself). Not another word about that manuscript! I'm dying to know if it really is mine, and yet I can't very well— (Aloud.) Mr. BOWATER, you're making a very poor lunch. Do let me give you another outlet?

Bowater (to himself). If she knew the effort that every mouthful—! (Aloud.) Indeed, no more, thanks. In this hot weather I am almost a vegetarian. Indeed, I often feel inclined to give up animal food altogether. (To himself.) Will she be drawn into an argument on vegetarianism? Such a safe subject!

Camilla. But, my dear Mr. BOWATER, surely such a hard-worked man as you cannot afford to do without substantial nourishment? Why, putting aside the ordinary business routine—of which I know nothing—the mental and physical strain of reading and forming a decision upon all the innumerable manuscripts you receive must be enormous.

Bowater (to himself). She's working round to it! (Aloud.) Oh, I—I get through them somehow. And I shall be off for my holiday very soon, now—to the Engadine. Where did you think of going this summer?

Camilla. Why, really, I've made no plans at present. And so you are going to the Engadine? How you must be looking forward to getting away from authors and all their works. Not to have even a type-written novel to toil through! For I suppose the typed ones aren't quite so much of an infliction, are they?

Bowater (to himself). I'll get her to discuss type-writers—they're harmless enough! (Aloud.) Well, you know, I never can rid myself of a certain prejudice against the type-writer, except for purely business purposes. Somehow it seems to me to produce a mechanical—I might almost say an unliterary—effect upon even the best style. Mere fancy, no doubt. I wonder, now, if you have any feeling of that sort.

Camilla. I never could bring myself to use one. But it's

strange you should feel so strongly as that. Do tell me, was this anonymous novel you were so carried away by written in the ordinary way, or was that type-written? It would be interesting to know.

Bowater (to himself). It would. (He tries to catch GERALD'S eye, in vain; NORA endeavours to prompt him, noiselessly, but he fails to notice.) ALABASTER must know which it was. Why can't he— Well, I must hedge, that's all! (Aloud.) Oh—er—of course I should not allow a mere prejudice of that sort to influence me in the case of a work of superlative merit.

Camilla. But do you really place it as highly as that?

Bowater. My dear lady, all I can say is that I am proud to think that the author should have entrusted it to me. (To himself.) That's the simple truth. I am proud to publish anything by her!

Camilla. And you know nothing about the author, not even if it's a man or a woman?

Bowater. I have no direct information. If I judged by the—er—virility of the style, I might be led to conclude that only a man— On the other hand, there is a delicacy and charm in the treatment which seem to betray a feminine touch. Mr. ALABASTER thinks it must be a woman's.

Camilla (not entirely pleased). I'd no idea that Mr. ALABASTER— You have shown it to him then?

Bowater. I wanted to see how it would impress him. These young fellows fresh from the University, you know, ought to be good judges if they're not. He can tell you himself what he thinks of the book. I believe he knows more about it than I do myself—he almost by heart.

Gerald (reluctantly). Well, if you ask me, I—I've never read anything at all like it.

Camilla. But have you discovered a new JANE AUSTEN, or CHARLOTTE BRONTE, or GEORGE ELIOT, then?

Bowater. Ah, there we come to comparisons. But she has a style and manner which are quite her own, eh, ALABASTER? You wouldn't say that she belonged to any particular school?

Gerald. No, I don't know that I should. (To himself.) Or been at any!

Camilla. Mayn't I be indulged with a peep at this wonderful book? Perhaps you have brought it for me to see? I remember



[“LI CHUNG TANG is anxious to have a Model Farm organised and managed under Government.”—*Echo*.]

PROSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE PROPOSED FARM, BY OUR CHINESE ARTIST.

you were carrying a mysterious-looking black bag this morning. Was it inside?

Bowater. Oh, I—I left the bag at Mr. ALABASTER’s on my way up. But that manuscript wasn’t in it—that’s at the office. (*To himself.*) So it is, at the post-office. (*A loud.*) I—I’ll send it over to you in a day or two, if I may. I’m sure you’ll be delighted with it.

Camilla. I ought to be, if you think so highly of it. What is it called, by the way?

Bowater (to himself). I’m in for it now! (*A loud.*) Why—er—*Stolen Sweets.*

Camilla (to herself). Dear Mr. BOWATER! How little I—But he mustn’t know just yet! I wish KEZIA had more control over herself. (*To KEZIA, in an undertone.*) KEZIA, you haven’t given Mr. BOWATER a fork. (*A loud, to BOWATER.*) *Stolen Sweets!* Really. And what is the story?

Nora (to herself). He mustn’t break down now, after getting on so well! That horrid KEZIA suspects something, I’m sure. She’s quite capable of telling CAMILLA! (*A loud.*) CAMILLA, wouldn’t it be nicer to hear all about it by and by, in the garden?

Bowater. Yes, it’s too long a story to tell here. I couldn’t do it justice—could I, ALABASTER?

Gerald. No, I’m afraid you’d find it rather difficult.

Camilla (to herself). I can’t wait, it’s too tantalising. (*A loud.*) Surely you could give me some idea of the plot?

Bowater. I should spoil it by a bare outline. It—it doesn’t depend so much on plot as on treatment, brilliancy of style, marvellous character-drawing, and—and so forth.

Camilla (restraining her delight). I see. But—but there must be some scene that struck you as particularly brilliant?

Bowater. It—it’s so extremely difficult to make a selection. But that scene, the one you and I were talking over just before lunch, ALABASTER—you know, where—er—Lord Helborough—

Camilla. Lord Helborough??

Gerald (coming to the rescue). Helbourne, I think Mr. BOWATER said. The scene where he decoys the heroine into a deserted house, and swears he’ll get her dismissed from her situation unless she signs a deed surrendering all her estates and title—?

Bowater (gratefully). As Countess of—of Chislehurst. That’s the one I meant. Magnificent!

Nora (to herself). I distinctly saw that wretch KEZIA smirk. I’m afraid to look at CAMILLA.

Camilla (to herself). How nearly I— But fortunately he didn’t notice. I darent meet Nora’s eye; she must have seen what a fool I’ve been making of myself. (*A loud, with a somewhat forced laugh.*) Dear me, but all that sounds rather melodramatic, doesn’t it?

Bowater (to himself). Trying to make me run it down. So like a woman, that! but I’m not to be drawn. (*A loud.*) Melodramatic? Well—er—perhaps—in the highest sense of the term. But the villain, *Lord*—, the title I mentioned, he’s capital, done with such insight, such consummate knowledge of—ah—Society. And the heroine, a most charming and pathetic creation! But every page is the work of a woman—that is, if MR. ALABASTER is right, and it is a woman—a woman of true and unmistakable genius. (*To himself.*) She’s all that, I’m hanged if she isn’t, whatever her book may be! And I know ALABASTER’s mistaken about it!

Camilla (to KEZIA). Put the claret-jug on the table and leave the room. (*To BOWATER.*) Then you expect the book to make a sensation, and have a great success?

Bowater (cautiously). Oh, as to that—well, there is so much uncertainty in these matters, as you know. But it deserves success. Of that I am quite certain. And the writer may rest assured that I shall do everything in my power to ensure it.

Camilla (to herself, watching KEZIA, who is still lingering about with the claret-jug). I don’t want to speak sharply to KEZIA, but I shall have to, if she persists in staying in the room much longer. It is mere inquisitiveness! (*A loud.*) Well, Mr. BOWATER, the author, whoever she may be, should be a proud and happy woman when she hears how highly such a judge as you are thinks of her work.

Kezia (suddenly depositing the claret-jug in the nearest armchair, and flinging her arms round the neck of the startled and horrified BOWATER). Oh, I am! I am!

[She sobs and laughs hysterically on his shoulder; the ladies sit speechless as the truth dawns upon them, and GERALD, after an heroic struggle to command his features, gives way and gurgles helplessly behind his napkin. *Tableau.*]



James Tissot fecit.

Lady (engaging Servant). "I OUGHT TO TELL YOU THAT WE ARE ALL STRICT TEETOTALERS HERE. I SUPPOSE YOU WON'T MIND THAT!"
Mary Jane. "OH, NO, MUM. I'VE BEEN IN A REFORMED DRUNKARD'S FAMILY BEFORE!"

WANTED, AN EDICT OF "NANTS."

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I was horrified to read in a paper of absolute responsibility of the number of deaths which have occurred during one week of the present "drowning season," and I ask you to urge that the art of swimming should, in preference to pianos and pedestrianism, be taught in all Board Schools. It is, in my opinion, and no doubt in yours, criminal that boys and girls should not be instructed how to save their lives when accidentally thrown into water. Since the time when no boy was allowed to boat at Eton without "passing" in swimming, I believe that

not a lad has been drowned. What has been done at one school can be done the kingdom over. Let Parliament look to it, with your support, and accidents will cease.

Your obedient servant,
LONG STROKE.

Outside Messrs. Cook's Office.

Charles (reading placard). "Norway, Land of the Midnight Sun." What's that mean, 'ARRY?

'Arry. Oh! one of that bloomin' NANSIN's expeditions to the North Pole! There's moonlight in those parts all day long, and wive wersay!

Edwin James Milliken.

BORN, SEPTEMBER 6, 1840.
 DIED, AUGUST 26, 1897.

By his death, not entirely unexpected, seeing that, for weeks past, owing to protracted illness, he had been absent from our Council-Board, we of Mr. Punch's Staff have lost a staunch friend and an invaluable fellow-worker. An earnest student of Literature, he was gifted with a power of keen discrimination, a retentive and accurate memory, combined with the rare talent of most happily applying past "situations," whether in history or in fiction, to the illustration of contemporary instances. Though of strong political convictions, MILLIKEN was a true Liberal in the fullest sense of the word; always most anxious to thoroughly master both sides of every question, whether political or social, that might arise in the course of discussion, before expressing a decided opinion. MILLIKEN was a born poet; his wit and humour finding their natural expression in verse, both grave and gay. What THACKERAY did for "Jeames," MILLIKEN effected for "Arry." His Byronic "Childe Chappie's Pilgrimage," which, after achieving an exceptional popularity in *Punch*, subsequently, on being published separately, went through several editions, will always remain a characteristic specimen of the man and his work, at once satirical and sympathetic.

Farewell! good Friend and Fellow-Labourer! Requiescat.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

(As especially observed at the seaside.)

SOME folks spend their bottom dollar
 Rushing o'er the Continenong,
 Toiling round against the collar,
 Jostling with a madding throng.

Some co-operate in travel,
 Educated as they go—
 Dons and lecturers unravel
 All the learned lore they know.

Others cultivate Nirvana
 In a hammock or canoe
 With the herb *nicotiana*
 And a cup of fav'rite brew.

But of *dolce far niente*
 To the most absurd degree
 Devotees you'll see in plenty,
 When you're "by the silver sea."

Here's a couple, honeymooning
 Right in front of where we sit;
 With their curious way of spooning,
 Do they mind us? Not a bit!

Tell me, do the warm sea-breezes
 Bear a germ that love inspires,
 And with sheer abandon seizes
 Lady-trippers and their squires?

Scotland for Ever!

Benjamin Barking Creek (thinking he is going to pull the mighty leg of the MAC-TAVISH). But you must allow that the national emblem of your country is the thistle.

The MacTavish. And for why? Because we grow it for ye Southrons to eat!

[Exit B. B. C.]



LUCK AT LAST!

Ceres (to British Farmer). "LET ME INTRODUCE MISS PROSPERITY."

Farmer. "LAW, MISS, YOU DO BE QUITE A STRANGER IN THESE PARTS! WELL, I'M HEARTILY GLAD TO SEE YE, AND I HOPE YE'VE COME TO STAY!!"

[The rise in wheat values in this country during the past six weeks has been from 8s. to 8s. 6d. per quarter, and as the harvest in England has been unusually early, and better (with scarcely an exception) than the rest of the world, the farmers have benefited."—*Daily Paper*.]

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HIS "FIRST."

Brown (good Chap, but never fired a Gun in his life). "I SAY, YOU FELLOWS, I DON'T MIND CONFESSING THAT I AM A BIT NERVOUS, YOU KNOW. I HOPE NONE OF YOU WILL PEPPER ME!"

TO THE EMINENT DAILY PARAGRAPHIST.

I CANNOT let the season wane
Without a tribute to your skill,
Although my sides have ached with pain
When taking every day your pill.
It is bolus silver-clad
That's swallowed by the common herd;
And e'en the "Labbyst" of Rad
Will swallow anything absurd,
Provided that the "par" contains
An inuendo somewhat blue,
No matter where the fiction stains
(It's purity compared with you).
And so I gladly drink your health
With all the tribe of Cock and Bull.
You brim the cup, you win your wealth,
And from a drop make columns-full;
But while your humour some folk suits,
Let me remind you there are boots!

A Direct Insult.

The MacTavish (throwing down a trade circular). Here's a confounded Lowlander frae the Border spelling whuskey without an "e," and expects me to patronise his mixture of English gin and German potatoe speerits! To Heligoland wi' the loon!

[And the poor traveller afterwards got into trouble.

LONG AGO LEGENDS.
YE MISTRESSE AND YE MAYDE.

THERE was a laydie who was both frugale and carefullle. It is sayed of her that

she wold make her mayde slyde downe ye banysteres toe save ye stayre carpettes; and she herselfe wold tread on ye unfreighted partes; also that she wold turne ye pictures face toe ye walles when she expected not compaine, soe that their coloures shuid not fayde, and such lyke. Alle though she maye not have been borne wythe a silvere spoone in her mouthe, one was alle ways thare when she toke her meales, ffor she was of refyned taste.

One mornen she went intoo ye kichen. "What," cryed she toe her mayde, "a wastynge your houres a syttinge all thyng longe while overe your mealis!"

"Nay, mystresse," replied ye mayde, "I have not wasted one moments, ffor I have been eatynge yo whole of ye tyme."

"And my silvere spoone!" cryed ye laydie, takyng it uppe from ye table. "Have I not tolde you, wench, never toe use ye plate in ye kichen?"

"Nay, mystresse," sayed ye mayde, "no parte of your silvere spoone has passed my lippes, neithere have I stirred pot wyth it. I did but use it juste now for a shoo horne!"

Why ye mystresse did cloute her ye mayde did marvayill gretlie.

THE DIFFERENCE ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER.—Half-readies and Whole-readies.



A REMINISCENCE OF A RECENT BANK HOLIDAY.

'Arry. "Ow much an hour, Guv'nor?" *Horsekeeper.* "EIGHTEENPENCE." *'Arry.* "All right. I'll have a ride."

Horsekeeper. "Well, you've got to leave 'arf a crown on the 'orse!"

"DOWN SOUTH."

It would be difficult to particularise the many varieties of clerical costume that may be seen on board the *Empress*, the *Monarch*, or on any one of the Bournemouth boats, when making their voyages, either half-way round the island, or all round it ("a circular tour"), or when facetiously touching it at points, giving it playful nudges on the coast, saying, as it were, "Here we are again!" and then going off full speed.

In respect of dress, the majority of the English clergy, en vacances, affect a sort of holiday compromise.

Sad-coloured trousers, and short coats made of black alpaca, do not stamp their wearers as belonging to any particular calling in life, while yet retaining for them a certain air of such mysterious respectability that the ordinarily unobservant traveller, unless he catches a glimpse of the distinctively clerically-cut waistcoat, and the white band which does economical duty for a tie and a shirt-collar, would not feel himself justified, supposing him to be of a sporting turn, in laying odds on the wearer's profession. The soft black felt wide-awake indeed might be taken as peculiarly characteristic, if "clericals" invariably stuck to it. But they don't; and as tweed caps, black silk caps, hats of black straw, hats of dark brown straw, and hats of mixed black-and-white straw, are equally in fashion, it is only by the collar and the vest that their wearers can with any degree of certainty be identified with his reverend order.

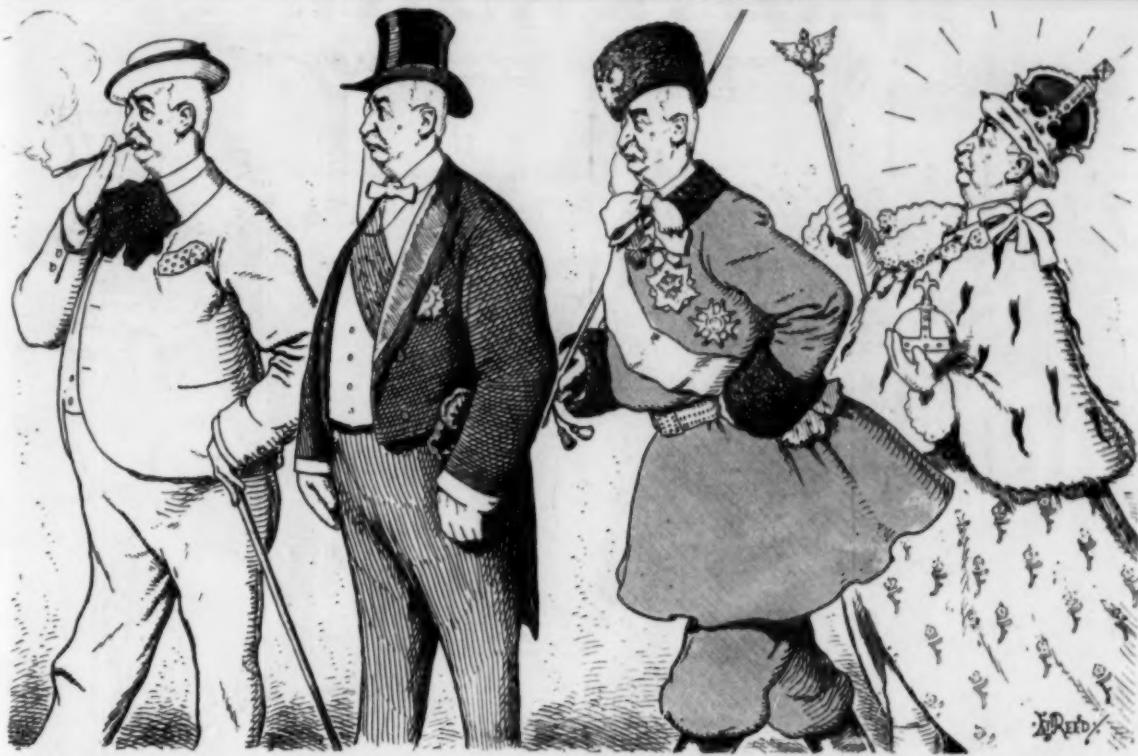
Numbers of thoroughly-prepared tourists there are too on board, sitting stiffly on their chairs (the first and chief object of every traveller on these boats is to secure a chair and the best position for it), resolutely shutting their eyes, metaphorically speaking, to the fact that they are on board a vessel, as they try to lull themselves into fancied security against *mal-de-mer* by keeping their heads rigidly bent over their newspapers or books, making brave attempts to ignore the sea, and practising on themselves a further deception by making believe that they are quite at home and reading the morning paper in their own comfortable easy chairs. While nervously alert to the slightest sound, and painfully conscious of the least oscillation, they vainly delude

themselves with the idea that they are deaf to all noises, and to any "disturbing causes"; yet they durst not budge an inch from their moorings; and how inconsiderate and even cruel do they not think the conduct of the first mate, who disturbs their temporary serenity by requesting them to go through the prosaic and really, as it seems to them, quite unnecessary formality of answering his polite but not totally disinterested inquiries as to their destination, inquiries which he follows up with an uncompromising demand for immediate payment in exchange for a ticket.

The official's demands having been complied with, the seated travellers are left to settle down again as comfortably as possible, when they are once more politely disturbed (the routine is carried out with the utmost courtesy) by the sailor who has come to receive a penny for the chair, in exchange for which he hands a numbered ticket. They are now the happy possessors of a ticket for the pier, a ticket for the boat, and a ticket for the chair, and these they stow away in secret pockets, causing themselves, subsequently, much agitation and anxiety through being unable, at the critical moment of collection, to remember where on earth they had hidden them away, and irritating a considerable number of their fellow-passengers who have got their tickets all ready and waiting, and who audibly express their disgust at "the stupidity of persons who can't have their tickets in their hands, and who selfishly obstruct others from getting off the boat."

There are some children, the inevitable baby who can't be left at home, or else "mother couldn't have come," the comic men, a few (very few) 'Arrys, and just a sprinkling of 'Arries, nautically-attired men with glasses, trying to look as if they had just come off their yachts; bicyclists of course, their bicycles, regarded with considerable disfavour by the officials, being stowed away somewhere or other; demure girls, laughing girls, flirting girls, fathers and mothers in full consciousness of "standing treat," but all in excellent temper, ready to give and take, and thoroughly determined to enjoy their outing, come what may.

If the weather only "keeps fine," if the sun shines, if the sea and the waters of the Solent are only calm, then how nautical they all become! Not a soul on board but is every inch a sailor!



THE EVOLUTION OF FELIX FAURE-TUNATUS THE FIRST.

They point out to one another which is the Prince of WALES's yacht, which is the German Emperor's,—all wrong of course,—while some well-informed person, knowing rather less about it than anybody else on board, confidently corrects everybody, until the captain, casually overhearing him, sets him right on every point, and so, quietly, but effectually, sits on him; whereupon the nautical impostor disappears, and is neither seen nor heard any more; and the captain, having delivered himself oracularly, and said as much as he was going to say on the subject, remains perched up aloft, subsiding into the quiet perusal of a newspaper, occasionally raising his eyes to sight his glasses, or to address some remark to the man at the wheel, with whom only the captain has the privilege of holding a conversation.

So we go on, round the island, seeing the yachts; then, on another occasion, to Portland to inspect the battleships, and humming "Rule Britannia" as we glide swiftly along, looking at the vessels of every nation.

Doing this from day to day, the landsman becomes emboldened, and, in an expansive moment, says to his companions twain, "Why should we not go to Southampton and take a cruise to the Channel Islands?" For response they sing, "We will! We will!"

So now for the "Daylight Trip," on board *The Saucy "Stella,"* *The Flying "Frederica,"* or, *The Lively "Lydia!"* Away! The Rover is free—to go to Jersey! Away!

"ON THE TRAIL OF A GHOST."

(By Our Up-to-date Spectre-beholder.)

I WAS really quite pleased with my spectral visitor. As I sat in my study at work she was most careful not to interrupt me. She never opened or closed a door, but glided through the walls without creating the least disturbance.

"I would feel grateful for a chat," said I, one evening, after my work was done, "if you have no better engagement. But if you have, pray do not let me clash with your arrangements."

The spectre, which was on the point of vanishing through a book-case, most graciously returned to an arm-chair, and, so to speak, over-shadowed it.

"Are you able to speak?" I asked. And my visitor moved her head in the negative. "Can you bear?" She nodded in the affirmative.

"What do you think of the situation?"

I am not a proficient in gesticulation, but as far as I could understand her signs, she seemed to hold strong views on the subject of education. From what I could gather she appeared to be in favour of endowing voluntary schools, and was not adverse to the reduction of the grant to State-assisted institutions. She also seemed to consider that the British occupation of Egypt was perfectly defensible.

"And I presume you believe in apparitions?" I murmured, smilingly. "Your presence here is a proof of that faith."

Well, no, she did not. Her wonderfully explanatory byplay suggested the reverse. I gathered, from her attitudes, that she thought that the subject was open to the introduction of fraud. Not only this, the imagination might play tricks and cause one to fancy real what was unquestionably imaginary.

"Have you, yourself, been seen before?" I asked, with some interest. In a moment she had told me by her pantomime that she had appeared to an army doctor, a professor of history, and a well-known chemist. She sketched, with much brilliancy, the characteristics of each. The medico was fond of professional jokes, the man of science of good food, and the chemist of artificial flowers. By this time the night was growing late, and I felt that it would be well if I returned to my books. My visitor immediately took the hint and began to disappear through the tapestry.

"Good evening, I hope I shall see you shortly." She drew herself up to her full height, and certainly was imposing. Then she smiled sadly, and vanished.

I have nothing more to write, beyond expressing my mature opinion that I am quite sure that my visitor was no less a person than Queen ELIZABETH.

To Bombastes.

"MAXIMS of civilisation?" That's your fun.

Your only maxim is—a Maxim gun.

And "civilising," in your cynic mirth,

Means—sweeping "niggers" off the face of the earth.



BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

Ancient Mariner (indicating the Ocean). "If that there was all BEER, Guv'nor, there wouldn't be no 'IGH TIDES!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

(A jealous person of the male persuasion, having heard from his lady-love of the attentions of an artist in Italy, writes a metrical letter never despatched.)

How little you know of the state of affairs
When you write in that absolute way.
My life is a desert of horrible cares,
Whereon sunshine can never more play.
The one small oasis I hoped was my own
I have lost with the change of your heart,
And now I am friendless, forsaken, alone,
Yet too gentle to say "We must part!"

Yet you know it and knew it when penning those lines
(Did your mother assist in the text?),
You say that you wrote them 'mid scent-bearing pines,
By a lake that no storm ever vexed,
While the peeps of blue sky were like windows above
O'er the branches that swayed in the breeze,
While the birds sang of happiness, dreamland and love,
As they flitted about in the trees!

Your picture was worthy to show on the walls
Of the New or at Burlington House,
To be labelled, "The Springtide that Autumn recalls,"
Or, "Another Chance yet for the Mouse!"
It would probably sell if your dear artist friend
Would embellish the work with your face,
Some beauty to paint you he'd possibly lend,
And if he can draw, well, some grace!

But the picture for me is the one that I framed
In the glow of a yesterday's gold,
It is fresh as it was when the subject, unnamed,
Was quite young, though to-day it is old!
When I called you the Mouse and you styled me the Cat,
Because I had caught you at last,
Through one long afternoon you said "This" and I "That,"
And your "This" rhymed to "Kiss" in the past.

But now since you cozen to spots and that man,
Who is MILLAIS and LEIGHTON combined,
I will hie to Beersheba or even to Dan,
So long as our love's left behind.
So long as I never— Good Heavens! what's this
You write in "P.S." over-page?
"You must not be angry, or take things amiss,
He is eighty—and old for his age!"

KEW-RIOS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—It is to be hoped that a recent decision of the Richmond magistrates will not convert the lovely domain known as Kew Gardens into a general picnic-place. The wise-aces in question have declared that hand-bags might be taken into the pleasureaunce, an importation hitherto forbidden. Perhaps the worthy dispensers of local law have never seen Kew Green after a Bank Holiday celebration. I did once, on the sly, after dark. Kew Gardens, under similar license, would simply be ruined for ever, and paper and ginger-beer bottles be as common as flowers. My friend the Pelican, who shares the islet on the pond with me, declares that he would rather retire into the wilderness were hand-bags permitted, but then, like myself, he does not live on bread-crusts, like the ducks. But, chatting together last night, after a copious fish dinner, we came to the conclusion that the Public, who pay for the maintenance of the Gardens, ought certainly to be admitted to their property before mid-day, despite the opposition of Mr. THISELTON-DYER, his personal friends with free admission, and his staff of German Generals in disguise. The excuse made about interference with students is a yarn, which I should like to relate to the Marines, whom, in my childhood, I occasionally flitted across in the Solent. To sum it up briefly, the programme of both the Pelican and myself is, "No hand-bags, earlier hours, and whitebait three times a week."

Kew Gardens Hotel.

Your obedient servant,

PHINEAS THE CORMORANT.

P.S.—We see your paper by means of an arrangement with the Mandarin ducks, who take it in, but are unable to read it.

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Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 10, London Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Office of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Wallbrook, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 18, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SARVANT, September 4, 1897.